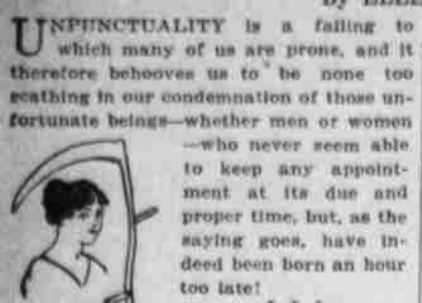


UNPUNCTUAL HABITS—ON THE KEEPING OF APPOINTMENTS

The Woman Who Hurries Through Everything Seldom Accomplishes Anything Really Worth While in the End

By ELLEN ADAIR



UNPUNCTUALITY is a failing to which many of us are prone, and it therefore behooves us to be none too careful in our condemnation of those unfortunate beings—whether men or women—who never seem able to keep an appointment at its due and proper time, but, as the saying goes, have indeed been born an hour too late!

To such, the failing of unpunctuality is second nature. They really find it an impossibility to be "on time" under any circumstances, however pressing. These people are more to be pitied than condemned, for their besetting sin hampers them tremendously in the pathway of life. They miss half the pleasures of existence and lose half their friends!

"I'm sure I really try hard to be punctual," wailed a disconsolate dame the other day, "but it isn't a bit of use! There are so many things that crop up to hinder me just at the last precious moment—and people are so inconsiderate, dropping in to call at all sorts of unreasonable times! Only the other day, when I had an important engagement in town, some friends of the family descended on us from the country at the 11th hour. I had to rush off and see that the cook got them something to eat, and then it took me quite half an hour after that to make a graceful exit. It really is always the same—and yet people label me as 'unpunctual,' and I am blamed for a fault that isn't in the least my own!"

In spite of this earnest vindication, we must affirm that there never is any smoke without a fire, and that the unpunctual dame must have some quality within herself which will bring forth the condemnation of her friends.

To begin with, she always rises an hour

too late. It isn't that she has one definite period for getting up and that that period is an hour later than it ought to be. Upon the contrary! Very many times she rises at an early period. But that particular time is always one hour later than she has specified the night before. She simply cannot stick to any fixed time.

On rising, therefore, she feels that she has lost one hour of valuable time, and is correspondingly annoyed thereby. The very fact that she has failed to carry out her pact, even when it is a trifling matter and the only person concerned is herself, has a certain moral influence on her which is decidedly deteriorating.

This spirit of lassitude is with her all day long. She has risen one hour later than she had planned, and has therefore completely mislaid one of her morning appointments.

The second appointment now does not seem so important in her eyes as the first. She decides that she will abandon it temporarily and make one bold effort to catch the tail-end of the early appointment. By so doing, she finds herself in the unhappy position of the dog with the bone in his mouth who, when gazing into a stream sees his own reflection there and in a vain attempt to capture the reflected morsel, drops his only possible portion into the stream!

Thus with the unpunctual maiden—she loses both engagements where she might at least have kept one!

And this principle of hers has carried all through life. She does not seem to gain by experience. She gains nothing at all, but only loses a very great deal.

For her unpunctuality affects other people in many unpleasant ways. To them it means the loss of time, temper and very often money. And the person who is the cause of such loss is invariably classed as useless, annoying and in every case excessively selfish.

FUR-TRIMMED GARMENTS IN RUSSIAN LINES AGAIN THE RAGE

IN spite of the horrors of war and wartime, the French designers realize that they can do as much for their country by increasing her trade and adding to her already depleting treasury by creating modes, as they can by fighting in the trenches. And, as a result, we have a small but real fashion show, Jenny, Doeillet and several other well-known creators of the fashions exhibited the winter modes at their Paris ateliers early in the month of August.

The predominating tendency was towards Muscovite effects, which isn't entirely new, having been more or less indicated last year. This tendency has developed extraordinarily in the last few months, and as a result, the popularity and beauty of fur-trimmed garments, for nothing could be truly Russian without plenty of fur—are almost alarming.

"Evening coats must follow Russian lines," said the Dry Goods Economist several weeks ago. This decision has been confirmed by Paris, and the fashion is assured. It remains for our American manufacturers to give us American-made modifications of the best in foreign styles.

Sidling shows this little evening cape, suitable for the debutante who is preparing for the coming season with a trunkful of wraps. The material of this lovely cape is rose-colored panne velvet, with a heavy satin lining of gray, to match the gray fox collars and cuffs. An extremely youthful line is given by the wide zodel folds and ripples of the soft velvet around the feet, while the sleeves are slightly shirred. A cut-stone ornament fastens the collar at the throat.

Fashion Fancies
Evening wraps are extremely full around the bottom. Quicker as it may seem, we have transparent top coats.

Neckwear's latest fancy is the pleated organza collar.

At least the lady came back, and sprinkled over the opening bud the fragrance of autumn.

prettier when it is only partly covered. I wouldn't try to cover it all up."

"But I want to do something big!" cried the moon vine, "something bigger and more than any flower has ever done before!"

"Wait!" said the fairy, hastily. "I'll get you some. Wait till I come back!" and she hurried away.

All day long the moon vine waited. Passed the glorious noon, when she had hoped to be blooming; passed the afternoon, with its lengthening shadows; waited till the evening.

At last the fairy came back and sprinkled over the opening bud the fragrance of autumn.

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A CHARMING EVENING WRAP

The Moon Vine's Fragrance

ONCE upon a time, a moon vine lived on the side of a great big house.

So big was the house that, although the moon vine had tried for two months, it had not as yet been able to cover even one side!

"Oh, dear," said the moon vine to itself one evening, "if only I could grow big enough to cover this whole house with my greenness! How very pretty that would be!"

"I don't see why you care so much about that," said a dainty little fairy, nearby. "I myself think the house looks

"It's well to be ambitious," said the fairy, in reply, "but don't try too hard. Maybe, if you think carefully, you will find there is something you can do besides covering up a house—try and see if there isn't."

So the moon vine thought and thought, and finally she said, "I might bloom if I tried." And the fairy said that would be a fine thing to do, much better than covering a house.

All the night long, all the next day, and for many days thereafter, the moon vine worked at its blossom. It was to be big and white and more daintily beautiful than any flower that bloomed.

At last the moon vine declared that the flower was ready.

"First thing in the morning," she said, as she went to sleep, "I'm going to open my bloom. And you will find it much more beautiful than the bud, too," she assured the fairy.

Just at dawn the moon vine whispered, "Now everything is ready, the soft white petals, the dainty stamens, the sheltering green calyx—it's all ready to bloom."

"But the fragrance!" cried the fairy, "you don't speak of the fragrance! Have you no fragrance ready?"

"Fragrance?" exclaimed the moon vine, in dismay. "I never thought of fragrance!"

"Wait!" said the fairy, hastily. "I'll get you some. Wait till I come back!" and she hurried away.

All day long the moon vine waited. Passed the glorious noon, when she had hoped to be blooming; passed the afternoon, with its lengthening shadows; waited till the evening.

At last the fairy came back and sprinkled over the opening bud the fragrance of autumn.



Philadelphia girls now wear pictures of sweethearts at front on heart-shaped beauty patch placed on cheek.

HERO'S PICTURE ON HER BEAUTY PATCH

Girls Here Are Following Custom Which Started on the Continent

If you can imagine going into a divorce court and asking to be separated according to law from the man whose picture you have had stuck on your face for all Chestnut street to see—well, you have a great imagination. Yet the young woman who swung down that thoroughfare today with long, graceful strides did not look particularly endowed with undying sentiments. She did not seem to be the kind of girl who would love anybody very long, in fact.

But, nevertheless, just southeast of the corner of one beautiful eye there was pasted the likeness of a young man in khaki, framed in black cut plaster, cut in the shape of a heart. He is on the Continent fighting for England, and his girl, an American, is proclaiming to the world her love for her hero. It is a tiny photograph, but very clear and evidently a good likeness of that Tommy Atkins, who at this moment may be—but, ah, well, what use to worry about that? Men may get killed, women die, but love—yes, yes, so on—love—persevereth not, but abideth more enduring than lovers, more lasting than patches.

The thing is not new in Europe, where every girl has a hero. The tragedy of the girl of Europe is that they have so many heroes, just now, and so few men. Patches are worn there, also, on cheeks that are not sure they will ever greet again the actual face whose likeness is there enshrined.

One of the first to wear a hero patch in this country was Miss Valli Vail, the actress, who appeared wearing one on the stage. At a distance it looked like an ordinary heart-shaped black beauty patch, but through the opera glasses one could see that there was something within the heart. There is more than something in her heart—there is some one. It is Archie Watson, her cousin, who is waiting his chance with kitchen-utensils to get to the trenches.

The girl on Chestnut street today had a patch a trifle larger than Miss Valli Vail's and a larger photograph, but that was because it was a picture of some one who was less than a cousin to her—and more.

MOTHER OF 24 ACCUSED

Woman Married 33 Years Names Her in Divorce Suit

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 25.—Although she is the mother of 24 children and is 50 years old, with white hair, Mrs. Mary Ball, of 1500, who has named a correspondent in a divorce suit by Mrs. Eliza Harley against her husband, to whom she has been married 33 years.

Mrs. Ball denies the charges and today filed a damage suit against Mrs. Harley for \$100, which she said represented damage done her by stories circulated by Mrs. Harley.

According to Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Harley in the presence of witnesses made a serious accusation against Mrs. Ball.

Little Benny's Note Book

It was a fearful hot last night, everybody cooing perspiring a little or sweating like anything, and me and pop were sitting out on the front steps watching the fellows playing a game of prize base, running and yelling as if nobody had told them how hot it was, me not playing any account of pop saying the only safe thing to do was to get still and let the perspiration do the running.

I suppose even hot weather is a blessing in disguise, but I must say the disguise is complete, and pop.

And he took out his handkerchief again to wipe his face, and the kids were playing prize base and yelling, and the awl of a sudden I heard a noise and I looked up and it was grandpop leaning out of the 3d story window yelling something down and pointing to pop.

Grandpop saying something to you, pop, I said.

In he said pop. And he looked up at the 3d story window and grandpop put his hands up to his mouth and called something down to him, and pop said, "Wat, wat, these kids are making such a confounded noise I can't hear a word you're saying."

And grandpop called it down again, whatever it was, and pop said, "Blas! It reduces it to atoms, I don't see what he's garrling about, wat is it, wat's the matter."

Which grandpop called it down again and the fellow kept awn making such a noise pop cooed him him, saying, Ding bust it, we dus everything haff to happen awn the hottest day in 7 years, now I gess I'll haff to go upstairs and see wat he wants or he will start to talk about changing his will again.

And pop got up and went in the house and wawked and wawked me following him, and grandpop was setting by the window in the 3d story room, and pop said, "Now, wat did you say?"

Wat did grandpop say, I said.

Wat did grandpop say, I said.

O, I was asking you if it was hot enuff for you, said grandpop.

Wat, said pop. And he waked out of the room wiping his face as fast as anything, and went down stairs again, saying, "Of aw! the blabbery blasted gosh swigled gosh, how the worst."

MISS MOLLIE BIRNBAUM AND JACK FEINSTEIN

CITY SCHOOLS TO OPEN WITH THE PROMISE OF INCREASED EFFICIENCY

200,000 Boys and Girls Will Take Their Places in 5000 Classrooms on the Morning of September 8

PLAN HEALTH CAMPAIGN

At 9 o'clock on the morning of September 8 electric gongs will ring in 230 school-houses and a minute later an army of 200,000 boys and girls will be seated in Philadelphia's 5000 classrooms.

Five thousand men and women instructors will be prepared to begin a year that promises to be the most auspicious in the city's educational history. Revised courses in English and physiology will take their place in the curriculum.

A "campaign of health," intended to raise the physical standard of the school children will be begun. Twenty-five penny luncheons will be conducted by the Board of Education so that thousands of children, hitherto underfed, will obtain a wholesome meal at noon at a negligible price.

New vocational classes will be organized. Preparations will be made for the establishment of continuation schools, in accordance with the requirements of the child labor law passed at the last session of the Legislature. The act becomes effective in January, at which time provision will be made for at least 22,000 working children. The continuation schools will make it possible for boys and girls to attend school for a certain number of hours and labor in the stores and factories for the remainder of the day.

With all of these new features in operation, the school system will be without a regularly appointed superintendent. The death of Dr. William C. Jacobs left the office vacant and the Board of Education has not yet taken any step toward choosing his successor. Nor is it likely that a new superintendent will be appointed within the month of September.

Various names have been suggested in connection with the vacancy. They include those of Dr. John P. Grier, acting superintendent of schools; Dr. George Wheeler and Oliver P. Cornman, associate superintendents; Mrs. Lucy Langdon Williams Wilson, head of the department of biology of the Philadelphia Normal School; Miss Katherine E. Puncheon, principal of the Girls' High School; Dr. Franklin Dyer, superintendent of schools of Boston, and Dr. William D. Brown, principal of the William Penn High School for Girls.

Two new associate superintendents will begin their duties when the new term opens. They are John C. Frazer, formerly chief of the Bureau of Vocational Guidance, and Dr. Louis Nusbaum, who was promoted from the rank of assistant district superintendent.

Each vacation season yields a group of victims to Cupid and graduates of the Normal School, who have been unable to find positions as teachers, will take the places of girls married during the summer.

A number of teachers will also be placed on the pension list during the new school year. Drownings at seashore resorts and other accidents are also expected to decrease the student lists of many of the schools. Children who are to begin their studies in the fall are expected to be in other cities must be enrolled on September 7. Small children must appear before the principals with their parents.

CATASTROPHE WILL NOT HALT WEDDING

Bride's Trousseau and Linens Burned, But Event Will Not Be Postponed

Miss Mollie Birnbaum is to be married November 14. This announcement was made some time ago, but since then Mollie's trousseau and hope chest, valued at \$200, have been destroyed by fire at her home. Nevertheless Miss Birnbaum is to be married November 14.

"Why should I postpone my wedding because of a little fire," she said today. "It took me six weeks to make everything that was burned, and I will work night and day to replace them before the wedding."

Miss Birnbaum is engaged to be married to Jacob Feinstein, 1232 West Girard avenue, a manufacturer of ladies' shirt waists. Miss Birnbaum and her fiance were found together at her home, 1229 North Hutchinson street, today, planning their future.

"Will the wedding be postponed because of the fire?" they were asked. "Not if it costs \$100, instead of \$300 for the new outfit," answered the gallant Feinstein.

All that remains of the trousseau and the hope chest is now a pile of charred debris in the front of the Birnbaum home. Miss Birnbaum and her parents and other relatives were away from the house when the fire started. They returned to find the second floor wrecked. Firemen had extinguished the blaze and a policeman was guarding the property.

Bits of charred rags on the floor told the girl what had happened to her trousseau, which cost her about \$150. A pile of ashes in a corner was all that remained of the hope chest and its contents. The chest was filled with embroidered household linens. She valued them at \$150.

The nearest physician's office is three miles away. Feet legs are their only protection against snakes, and self-reliance is their only prevention against robbery. Their father insisted that they omit medicines and bandages from their paraphernalia.

"It seems risky," he said today, "but that's my idea of child training. I believe that the greatest barrier to success is fear."

"Fear of men and fear of nature are in part of the make up of every man and child. That's what I want to get rid of. I sent these children into the woods. In time of trouble they can't appeal to me or to anybody else for help. They must depend upon themselves. They must be afraid of ghosts or fear loneliness. That's the way I am bringing them up."

"And they are as happy in the woods as any child could be in a \$10,000 nursery. They intended spending their summer with their grandfather in Vermont—their mother is dead—but he is 33 years old and don't want to be bothered with children."

DISGUSTED WITH SEASHORE
I sent them to Atlantic City for a week and they were so disgusted with the Boardwalk and with stuffy hotel rooms that they came home and begged to be sent camping. I am not worried about them.

"The Great White Way"

Hyglass

White Cream Cleanser

For White Buckskin, Nubuck, White Leather and Canvas Shoes.

There's an "easy-back" when using Hyglass except for men. Come in for a 10¢ trial box.

10¢ and 25¢ a box. Sold everywhere and by P. P. Lagomarsino & Co., Inc. 641 ARCH STREET Wholesale Distributors

MISS MOLLIE BIRNBAUM AND JACK FEINSTEIN

PHILADELPHIA "BABES IN WOODS"



Left to right—Hazel, Gladys, Arthur and Muriel Dunlap.

REAL BABES IN THE WOODS MOCK AT THOUGHT OF PERIL

Children of W. A. Dunlap Encamp Near Gettysburg and Scorn Care of Adults—Enjoy Life Close to Nature

REAL babes in the woods, four Philadelphia children are living at Pequea Springs, near Gettysburg, with no adult to care for them, no shelter but rubber blankets and the eldest of the party is 15.

Three girls and a boy, an open automobile and seven lunch boxes constitute the camp. The little "back to nature" enthusiasts are the children of William A. Dunlap, an undertaker, of 19th street and Fairmount avenue. They are Gladys, 15 years; Muriel, 13; Hazel, 9, and Arthur, aged 7.

At dawn last Friday morning the young pilgrims embarked in their father's touring car, totting in the seven boxes ten canteloupes, two watermelons, five pounds of cheese, five loaves of bread, ham, tongue and candy. Each of the youngsters "took turns" as chauffeur, stopping at Lancaster, York and Harrisburg and reaching Pequea Springs without a puncture or other mishap.

They had intended to "beat the toll gates" and were successful in carrying out their plans until they reached a point near Gettysburg, when they were arrested by a "game warden" who issued a card from them yesterday, posted after a walk of three miles, informing him that "all is well including the automobile."

Hidden in the pocket of Arthur's knickerbockers is a purse containing \$7.25. This represents the penny savings of the little ones and they are free to spend it as they choose. But they decided that it should only be an "emergency fund" and that unless they were confronted with starvation none of the money should be spent.

DEPEND ON THEMSELVES.
When it rains they roll themselves into their blankets, laughing at the lightning and mocking the thunder. While ordinary boys and girls are snugly in their beds these little citizens are sleeping in the open, with leaves as their pillows and great oaks as their canopies.

The nearest physician's office is three miles away. Feet legs are their only protection against snakes, and self-reliance is their only prevention against robbery. Their father insisted that they omit medicines and bandages from their paraphernalia.

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WOMAN'S RESIGNATION MAY HURT CAUSE HERE

Philadelphia Teachers Fear Effect of Miss Strachan's Retirement

Philadelphia teachers fear that the action of the National Education Association in rejecting a woman as a candidate for the presidency of the organization may have a marked effect upon the Board of Education here in choosing a new superintendent of schools.

Miss Grace C. Strachan, district superintendent of schools of Brooklyn, was defeated for the office several days ago, receiving less than half as many votes as did her male opponent, Dr. David Johnson, president of the Winthrop School and Industrial College of Brooklyn, N. C. Following her failure to attain the honor, which is one of the greatest in Philadelphia and elsewhere, her resignation, which she has tendered to the Board of Education, is expected to result in a reaction in the movement to gain "equal rights" for women teachers.

Her action was unprecedented in the history of the organization and has caused comment among educators in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Her resignation, made more conspicuous by her defeat, is expected to result in a reaction in the movement to gain "equal rights" for women teachers.

A member of the School Board here who is known to favor the cause of the women, in commenting on the situation, said:

"Teachers and educational administrators observed the attitude of Miss Strachan with regret. Folks will throw up their hands and say 'that's just like a woman.'"

"Miss Strachan was a candidate for the office. Whether she was capable or incapable of filling it the fact is she was defeated. The defeat in itself meant little, but when she resigned from the National Education Association because she failed to comply with her wishes she did herself an injustice and the women teachers of the country a serious harm."

"There was a possibility that a woman would be elected superintendent of schools here. If such a proposition is now made to the board members who oppose it might use the case of Miss Strachan as an argument against it."

New Pennsylvania Postmasters
WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—The President today named the postmasters for Pennsylvania towns. William J. Burleigh, Mount Carmel; P. E. Sheedy, Pine Grove.

Song
When Jenny rode to mill with me,
The daisies bared their bosoms,
The spring winds ruffled every tree,
And stirred a storm of blossoms.

The rose had then no cruel thorn
To mar the moment's bliss,
The miller took his toll in corn,
And I took mine in kisses.

Now Jenny's mine "till death do part"—
Her lips a nest of bliss,
As when, in crossing to the mill,
I took my toll in kisses.

—Anonymous

Ask your Dentist

Your dentist knows how easily the tooth-brushing habit is developed in children when the dentifrice is attractive—and how beneficial it is when the dentifrice is good. That is one reason why he will recommend "S. S. White" Tooth Paste.

In Paste or Powder, 25¢. If not at your drugist's, mailed on receipt of price.

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MFG. CO. PHILADELPHIA

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Montreal, Toronto, Canada.

Costs no more than others.

STONE HARBOR

For a late vacation with real rest, plenty of good fishing and crabbing and the best bathing you ever enjoyed, come to Stone Harbor any time within the next four weeks. For booklet and full information write LEO McRAVEN, Borough Clerk, Stone Harbor, N. J.

WILDWOOD, N. J.
EDGETON INN, Cap. 250. White service. Orchestra. Billiard. Free Bath Houses. J. ALBERT HARRIS.

The Wade Glenwood & Pacific ave. Rates \$9 up. Mrs. Wm. UFFERMAN.

WILDWOOD NORTH, N. J.
PENNSYLVANIA AVE. at 10TH N. WILDWOOD, N. J. Open for season. MARGARET MACE, M. D.

BEACH HAVEN, N. J.
Hotel Baldwin. Ideal modern hotel; capacity 400; Amer. & European plans; safe & grill; average. Booklet.

OCEAN CITY, N. J.
Chalfonte. Club & Ocean ave. Ocean view. Bath. Table.